

CHILD WIRED TO RAILWAY TRACK TORN TO PIECES.

Fiendish Murder of a Little Boy Near Tea Neck.

ITS FATHER ARRESTED.

The Lad Had Been Thrown Into a Pond to Drown, but Was Saved.

Louis Jackson, a six-year-old child, was thrown into a pond to die the death of a blind kitten at Hackensack, on Monday morning. A passerby saved him from that fate. The same night he was wired down by the foot to a rail of the West Shore Railroad, near Tea Neck, N. J.

His little body was found yesterday morning torn to pieces by passing trains. A wheel had cut one little bare foot from the leg, and this remained, with the wire around it, to tell the tale of murder. From the position in which the body had been placed, it had apparently been the intention of the murderer to so secure the child that the face would be destroyed and recognition rendered impossible. This attempt failed. The face remained intact, and by it the same doctor who had resuscitated the half-drowned child the day before, was enabled, yesterday, to positively identify it.

Nicholas Jackson, the unwilling father of the child, is locked up in the Hackensack jail on suspicion of the first attempt and of the final commission of the murder. There are threats of an attempt to lynch him.

Jackson, the father, was married three weeks ago. He has not been working. His wife is a servant. She was unaware before her marriage of the existence of the child, has objected since to having to support both the man and his little son. This is alleged as the motive for the murder.

Coroner Ricardo, of Hackensack, held an inquest last night. Jackson was called as a witness. The testimony against him seemed to be so clear that the Coroner, before questioning him, told him he had the right of refusing to answer questions. He held no attention, apparently, to the Coroner's remark, but he sat silent, nevertheless. The inquest will be continued to-day.

In a Deep Hidden Pond.

A quarter of a mile south of the Hackensack station there is a large and deep pond, belonging to McDonald Brothers. No road leads to the place, but two hundred yards away there is a highway. Trees and brush so thoroughly mask the pond that it cannot be seen from the highway. On an artificial embankment by the side of this road there is a row of three-story stone-fronted houses, inhabited mostly by New Yorkers. From the upper stories of these houses a good view of the road can be obtained.

On Monday morning Mrs. Charles G. Jarvis, wife of a man who is in business at No. 2 Walker street, in this city, was in her room on the third floor of one of these houses. The window was open. In the country sound travels far. Coming from the direction of the pond Mrs. Jarvis heard the voice of a frightened child scream:

"Don't hurt me, papa; if you do, I'll tell mamma."

There followed a splash. Mrs. Jarvis ran to the window and looked toward the pond. On the bank, with his hands in his pockets, was a colored man, placidly watching the struggles of something in the water. All that Mrs. Jarvis could see was a little black head. It was fully twelve feet from the shore.

Mrs. Jarvis thought the object was a dog and was about to turn away, when a white man suddenly came from behind one of the ice houses and, pushing the negro out of the way, pushed on a boat, and a minute later pulled a little colored boy out of the water. Mrs. Jarvis ran down stairs to see if she could be of any use.

When she reached the pond the white man was walking back to the ice house. The child was lying on the bank and was barely conscious. The colored man was standing beside it. Mrs. Jarvis stripped off

the child's clothes and partially revived it. Then she returned to the house and obtained some dry clothing. When she got back she found that several other women had gathered. To them the negro was saying that the child was his nephew and that it had fallen into the water.

The women advised that the child be hurried up town to a drug store and that a doctor attend to it. The negro picked up the child, slung it over his shoulder like a sack and carried it toward the town. On the way he had to pass the railroad station, by the side of which several negro hack-drivers were gathered. All these men knew him. A few minutes before he had passed them on his way towards the pond. Then he had been alone. Seeing him return with a half-drowned child on his shoulder, the men, who knew nothing of his paternity, stopped him and questioned him. He said he had never seen the child before and had not the slightest idea to whom it belonged. He said it would have drowned but for his help.

Jackson then carried his disowned child to a drug store opposite the station. Dr. McFadden examined it. The child revived under treatment. Jackson told the doctor that the boy was his son and said it had fallen into the pond. He said he lived on Central avenue and that he would take the child home.

From that point the movements of Jackson were traced yesterday. He did not take the child to his home and left it in the care of his wife's sister. The rest of the morning and most of the afternoon he spent in loafing about town. At 6:30 last night he called upon his wife, who works as a servant for Mrs. George Walker, of No. 104 Berry street, and told her he had found a place for the boy.

"I know a Dutch farmer for whom I used to work who will take the kid for two dollars a month," he said. "He lives up near Tea Neck. I am going to take him up there after supper."

Mrs. Jackson, who has objected to the care of the boy only on the ground of expense offered to accompany her husband to the farmhouse to see that the little fellow would be comfortable. Jackson roughly told her, she says, that he did not want her; that he could manage the negotiations best alone. The man returned to the house and about 7 o'clock took his son and left, ostensibly for Tea Neck.

Santiago Express resumed. Dispatches weekly. Williams & Co., 113 Wall street.



MR. AND MRS. GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT SKETCHED IN COURT.

MRS. KORTRIGHT IS MAGNANIMOUS.

She Says She Would Let Alice's Aunt See Her.

If little Alice, daughter of Gouverneur Kortright, be taken from her aunt, Miss Ada Phipps, and returned to her step-mother, Alice may see her aunt as often as she may wish. Mrs. E. Theresa Kortright said this yesterday.

If Justice Daly decides that Alice is to remain with her aunt Alice shall not see again her step-mother. Miss Ada Phipps said this the day before yesterday. There was a regret in her eyes at Mrs. Kortright's promise to be more generous.

Mrs. Kortright made it with subtle knowledge, doubtless. It lends an advantage to her in the legal battle for the guardianship of that graceful child who is fabulously wealthy. She loves her aunt, but she loves her step-mother also. They are battling about her, but in her interest, in order that she should be happy, they say.

At the trial it does not seem so. The lawyers' questions, their phraseology, the crossed looks of hatred of the witnesses, indicate other considerations than Alice Gouverneur Kortright's happiness. Her step-mother's income, her father's visits to sanitariums, a check that he sent to his wife, seemed to be everything and Alice's pleasure nothing. She has the intelligence but she has not the age of choice. Her step-mother's promise to let her see her aunt was a challenge to choice. Mrs. Kortright was glad to have made it. Her examination by her lawyer, Mr. Lindsay,

had been interrupted by Miss Phipps's lawyer, Mr. Bowers, with splendid ingenuity. At every phrase he said "I object," with a thousand reasons. The examination began as follows:

Q. You are a woman of independent means? A. Yes.

Q. Did you have any conversation with Mr. Kortright about his child prior to your marriage? A. Yes.

Mr. Bowers said "I object," rose quickly, read arguments, referred to decisions in a variety of cases, made a speech with a passionate peroration. He referred to Mrs. Kortright in legal terms as "a stranger."

He wore a pale green shirt with a pale green necktie. Instead of the yellow shirt with pink necktie that he had worn the day before. He seemed to be terribly in earnest.

Mrs. Kortright listened without deference. She is tall, lithe, elegant, with black hair and eyes, and wears becomingly an ultramarine gown. When Mr. Bowers said "a stranger," she looked at him from a great height of disdain.

"They strive to blunder the entire future of the child," Mr. Bowers said. "They take advantage of the fact that he had a ruptured blood vessel, two years ago, to say that he is of unsound mind. He was the absolute custodian of his child, when he took her from Saratoga and gave her to Miss Phipps's guardianship."

Her Father Not Her Guardian.

"He was not the custodian of his child," replied Mr. Lindsay. "He was in sanitariums. His wife had the absolute custody of Alice Gouverneur Kortright. The child was taken from Saratoga wrongfully on the morning of July 7. We propose to prove this."

"I will take the evidence," said Justice Daly. It continued:

Q. What did Mr. Kortright say to you about his child? A. He asked me to bring her up, to educate her, to take care of her as long as I lived.

Q. Who brought the child to you? A. Miss Phipps.

Q. Were your relations pleasant? A. Oh, yes. She came to see me often, almost every week, at New York, at Narragansett, and at Bristol.

Q. What was Mr. Kortright's illness? A. He fell in a faint in my presence. He had a clot of blood in the head. Before this event he had been troubled for a long time with neuralgia and headache. His headaches were incessant. After his fall in faint he stayed at his mother's for two weeks, after which I sent him to Providence, by the doctor's orders.

Q. Has there been a change in his manner since he fell in a faint? A. Yes. He was very excited for a while; he had schemes which were impracticable; he wanted to build alone a big yacht; he was depressed about everything. He would say that he was very poor. He came to New York in 1896. Then he went to Dr. Canfield's sanitarium in Worcester, where I went to see him every week. I would have called on him at Dr. Steinhilber's, near Boston, often than every ten days. But Dr. Steinhilber's rules would not allow that. I brought him back to New York in December, 1897. He remained here until April, 1898. Then he went to a sanitarium in Central Valley till May, returned to New York, and then had to go to another sanitarium at Watkins Glen. He was back in New York on May 30, remained two or three days and went to a sanitarium at Riverdale. He went to Bristol on June 2, and met me at Pittsfield on July 2.

Q. Had Alice been with you all the time? A. Yes.

Q. Did Mr. Kortright speak to you of Alice often? A. Oh, very often; before and after his illness.

Q. Are you fond of Mr. Kortright's daughter? A. I love her very, very dearly.

Q. Have you devoted a part of your income to her education? A. Yes; a large part.

Q. When did you learn that your husband had seen Miss Phipps in June? A. On July 7, after Alice had been taken away from me.

Q. When did you learn that your husband had made a deed of guardianship to Miss Phipps? A. Yesterday, in the court room here.

Q. Did you ever leave instructions in any sanitarium not to let visitors see Mr. Kortright? A. Yes.

Q. When was Mr. Kortright's last reference to Alice in conversation with you? A. On Sunday, four days before Alice was taken away from me. He said then that he hoped I would take care of Alice as long as she lived.

Q. Had you a conversation with anybody about committing Mr. Kortright to an asylum? A. Physicians said that he should be committed by legal process, and urged me to have this done, but I refused.

There were two red spots on Mr. Kortright's cheeks. His nervous fingers twisted his beard. His eyes had an intense expression of trying to understand the words that his wife uttered in a low voice. He was seated beside Miss Phipps, whose lips fell at the ends in disdain.

"Are you willing to take care of Mr. Kortright?"

"Yes."

Mr. Bowers jumped up again, exclaiming: "Willing to take care of him! He wants nobody to take care of him. He is old enough to take care of himself!"

Q. Mr. Kortright sent you this telegram saying, "In accordance with my notification, I have taken Alice." Had you any notification from him? A. No.

Q. My first notification that Alice had been taken away from me was given by the Superintendent of Police at Saratoga, on July 7, at 3 o'clock.

Q. Here is a note from Mr. Kortright, dated July 8, saying, "Dear Theresa—As I told you Wednesday, I have taken Alice." Had he told you Wednesday? A. No, not a word.

Q. Did you ever refuse to let him have Alice? A. Never.

Q. If this suit were decided in your favor would you have any objection to Mr. Kortright seeing Alice as often as he wished? A. None.

Q. Would you permit Miss Phipps to see her as often as the wife? A. Yes.

Q. How do you know that Alice likes you? A. I know, because she has shown a great deal of affection for me. Even the other day, when she was leaving the courtroom with Miss Phipps, she turned round to smile and wave her hand at me.

Mr. Bowers jumped up, buttoned his thin sack coat, and asked impressively:

Q. What was the last reference from your husband? A. I prefer not to say.

Q. Has your husband provided you with the funds that you needed? A. No.

After this reference to something which Alice Gouverneur Kortright could not have understood, if she had been in the court room—happily she was not there—the trial was adjourned until this afternoon.

MAN who has built up a business solely on his own personal merit is entitled to all the prosperity that follows. Such a man is found in Kerry Mills. Several years ago he began to write music. His first production was a great success. He has written since that time but seven compositions, and every last one of them sent him forward among the front rank of musicians of the decade. Every person who knows the least bit about the music of the period will recognize that "Rastus on Parade," "Shannon Bells," "Happy Days in Dixie," "At a Georgia Camp Meeting," "Charity Begins at Home" and "Sweetheart, the Time Will Come" all stand high as musical successes to-day. The latter song will appear in full music folio form next Sunday in the Musical Supplement of the Journal. Mr. Mills has been able through a masterful understanding of the public wants to achieve high standards.

With the Army and Navy Around Santiago.—The Journal's special photographer has taken more than one hundred splendid photographs of all kinds of thrilling incidents at the seat of war. The best of them will be reproduced in beautiful half tones in next Sunday's Journal. Order early.

BLEW HIMSELF AND PURSUERS INTO ATOMS.

How Goon Ng Chung's Death Was a Seven-fold Tragedy.

EXTERMINATED A POSSE.

Chinese Assassin Took Refuge from Sheriffs in a Magazine.

Oakland, Cal., July 19.—Rather than surrender to a posse of deputy sheriffs and constables who were seeking to arrest him for murder, Goon Ng Chung, a Chinaman, barricaded himself in the magazine of the Western Fuse & Explosive Company, and when the officers closed in on him blew up the works, himself and five of his pursuers. In addition to these fatalities, the shock of the explosion killed a Mrs. Hill. The dead are:

CHARLES WHITE, deputy sheriff.
GEORGE WOODS, deputy sheriff.
D. C. CAMERON, deputy sheriff.
GUS KOCH, constable.
J. J. LEBBY, constable.
GOON NG CHUNG, the Chinaman.
MRS. HILL.

Chung, who was employed in the works and who caused the awful explosion, had killed a fellow countryman yesterday afternoon in a quarrel over a Chinese lottery ticket. He then defied the officers of the law who went to arrest him.

A Barricade of Powder.

The murderer fled into the magazine, which contained five tons of giant powder, barricaded himself, and threatened to blow up the magazine if any one came to arrest him. Deputy Sheriff Charles White, son of Sheriff White, in charge of a posse consisting of Gus Koch, George Woodsum, D. C. Cameron, J. J. Leiby and Deputies Harry Cramer, Fred Sherill and Ed White, were on the scene of the shooting shortly after the murder, and kept guard over the Chinaman within his stronghold. All the officers were armed with rifles. After repeated demands to surrender had been made, to all of which the same reply came: "If you come in here I will blow up the magazine," the officers retired for the night within the private office of the company, about twenty yards away. This morning, at 5 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Charles White, after a consultation with the others, determined to break down the barricade, not believing the Chinaman would fulfil his threat.

Accordingly, the entire posse headed for the door. True to his word, the Chinaman fired the giant powder, and in an instant a terrible explosion occurred, killing five of the officers and blowing the Chinaman atoms so small that but one piece has been found.

A General Conflagration.

White's body was fearfully mangled. It was found nearly 500 yards away. Koch was badly disfigured, but lived long enough to be taken to the hospital, where he died. Mrs. Hill, who was visiting a Mrs. Pride, who lived across the way, was killed in the falling debris.

All the buildings took fire. Engines were soon fighting the flames, but to no avail. The works are completely wrecked. Four houses also are blown down and about forty partially wrecked. Deputy Sheriff Fred Sherill and Deputy Ed White escaped, but are painfully wounded.

Deputy Sheriff Sherill's story is to the effect that at 5 o'clock this morning the Chinaman called to Deputy Sheriff White that he would surrender. White, Woodsum and Koch proceeded to the door, while the others followed. Just as the door was reached the sound of a falling plank was heard and then the explosion occurred.

Fourteen cars were blown to splinters and several were burned. Windows were broken in Oakland, Alameda and as far away as Berkeley.

Some of Your Needs

may easily be filled by consulting the Journal's "Want" Pages. If you need work or help, want a house, flat or room, want to buy a store, business, horse or bicycle, you will find opportunities on the "Want" Pages.



AT LONG ISLAND COLLEGE HOSPITAL



AT ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL. A SWEETHEART'S VISIT.



NURSED BY GENTLE HANDS AT ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL—BROOKLYN.

PLEASANT GIFTS FOR THE WOUNDED SANTIAGO HEROES IN HOSPITAL.

The soldiers who showed their bravery on the chaparral clad hills in front of Santiago and were wounded by Spanish Mauser bullets are now being petted in the hospitals of Greater New York. They receive books, newspapers and magazines, fragrant flowers, confectionery, tobacco and cigarettes. These brave men are tenderly nursed and all are showing such rapid improvement that their recovery is now assured. They tell many stories of the courage displayed by comrades and all are anxious to return to the field and fight again for "Old Glory."